MONTEREY NEWS

October 2021
Est. 1970 Vol. LI · Number 10

Pick up at: the library (in and outside), outside town hall, transfer station

Orest Tsonopoulos

What's happening here? Make your own caption! (Or turn to page 9)

Four events to highlight community, education, ceremony, and integration.
Indigenous Peoples' Day page 16

Kyle's family bought their Monterey cabin just before she was born, and she has been spending summers here her whole life.
MCC Volunteers page 5

Over the summer the select board decided to solicit proposals from several law firms to serve as Monterey's town counsel.
New Town Counsel page 2

Chuck Pierce

Once one's feet are on the other shore the boat has achieved its intended purpose. Then it's wise to leave the boat behind.
Here's a Thought page 20

We want to make every resident attaining the magical age of sixty to automatically become a member of the council. Let's make the activities what *you* want to do.
Council on Aging page 3

To paraphrase from the New Testament, laws are made for the people, not people for the laws.
Monterey Loses its Way page 10

In Roy's memory: "Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana."—Groucho Marx. None of us is as smart as all of us.
Remembrance-Roy Carwile page 12

The library is about to start a strategic planning process. We actually did one about ten years ago that resulted in our new building.
Library Future Planning page 3

To paraphrase Tolstoy, all the people living in Monterey are happy for the same reasons, but unhappy in their unique ways.
Making Democracy Work page 8

"I feel a bit like the man who was asked to write a treatise on how to tell a crow from a crocus."—Euell Gibbons.
Pokeweed in the Garden page 18

Having served many years on the select board, I can easily say that this is one of the best things that Monterey can do to serve our employees and the town at large.
Human Resource Position page 2

On Monday, October 25, from 10 a.m. to noon, there will be a vaccination clinic at the firehouse pavilion.
Vaccination Clinic page 27

There was a table of cupcakes out in the pavilion unlike any ever seen in Monterey before.
Dave and Beth's Wedding page 7

In My View
Human Resource Position

Who runs the town of Monterey? Who makes Monterey a success or failure? As a select board member, you might think I would say, "The select board," but you would be wrong.

What makes Monterey work, are the employees. They are the folks who spend every day ensuring that our town residents and visitors have the services they need and are kept safe.

All organizations that have employees have employee "issues." Yet, small town governments seem to be the last group to recognize the need for professional oversight and guidance (a.k.a "human resource professionals").

Human resource professionals are essential to providing employees and employers with employee reviews, compensation and advancement guidance, training suggestions, and most importantly, conflict resolution.

Last year, five towns (Monterey, Great Barrington, West Stockbridge, Sheffield, and New Marlboro) got together to discuss hiring a full-time human resource professional. This "shared services" proposal is one of many designed to attract a high level of professionalism, at a shared cost to these small Berkshire towns.

I have been asked, "Why not hire a human resources person to serve only Monterey?" The answer is simply that the cost would be prohibitive, around $65,000 or more per year, plus benefits, and there is simply not enough work to warrant a full-time position for just us.

Having served many years on the select board, I can easily say that this is one of the best things that Monterey can do to serve our employees and the town at large. It will help give our employees a voice, potentially prevent (or lessen) lawsuits or harassment claims, and serve as impartial, professional guidance to the hiring authority, which is the select board.

Our HR professional will be introduced in the pages of the *Monterey News* when hired. I give special thanks to our town administrator, Melissa Noe, for joining the other town administrators in this quest, and for representing Monterey.

As a wise person once said, "Progress is not inevitable. It's up to us to create it."

— Steven Weisz, Chair
Monterey Select Board

Editor's Note: As of publication, the select board was still actively considering candidates.

Editor's Note: In My View *provides individual select board members an opportunity to communicate their thoughts about town affairs. The views expressed are solely those of the writer, and are not meant to reflect the views of the full select board.*

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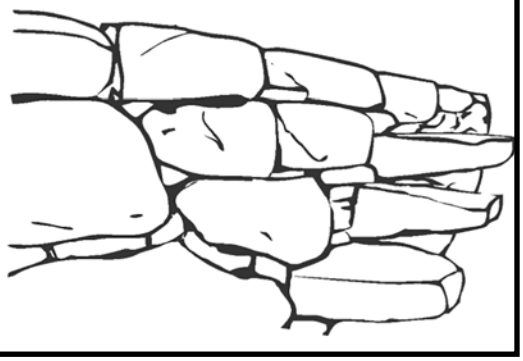

New Town Counsel
KP Law, P.C.

Over the summer the select board decided to solicit proposals from several law firms to serve as Monterey's town counsel. The town has been ably served by Jeremia Pollard, whose office is in Lee. But the board felt it was prudent to survey additional firms given the increasing complexity of Massachusetts municipal law. The board received proposals from and interviewed three firms including Attorney Pollard.

After consideration of the proposals, the board signed a letter of engagement in September with KP Law, P.C. KP Law provides counsel services to over one-third of cities and towns in Massachusetts with several offices across the state, including one in Lenox. KP Law's clients in southern Berkshire County include Great Barrington, Lenox, Mount Washington, Sandisfield, Sheffield, and West Stockbridge. The firm has forty attorneys, many of whom specialize in specific areas of municipal law. The town will have a primary contact attorney in the firm, Brian Riley, and a back-up contact, Brian Maser. Monterey will also have access to other attorneys within the firm as issues or actions arise that require specialized knowledge. In addition, the firm has sufficient depth that they routinely keep municipal boards abreast of changes in law. They also provide an annual seminar/training session on a topic of the town's choosing at no additional charge.

KP Law's engagement proposal keeps the annual retainer at the same cost, $17,000, with an extensive list of covered basic services provided by the retainer. Services not included in the retainer arrangement, such as litigation, will be billed at a set hourly rate of $210/hour for the first year.

— Stephen Moore

Ed Salsitz

Monarch on autumn surprise.

Monterey Library
Help Plan the Future

The library is about to start a strategic planning process. We actually did one about ten years ago that resulted in our new building. The one result of the new planning process I *wouldn't* expect is another new building. But anything other than that is fair game. By the time we actually completed the building project some parts of that plan were no longer relevant. It isn't always easy to predict the future. But looking at the increased use of the new space, the last committee got some things right.

The process is fairly simple. We need to look at what we have and do, what the community needs and wants, and try to steer the library in the right direction to meet those needs and wants. There will be plenty of public participation, as we did before. The Massachusetts Library System will help us get the proper perspectives on the issues facing the future of libraries. All we are missing is the committee.

Typically the committee consists of a couple of trustees, a few members of the community, and the library director. If you have any interest in trying to plan for the future of the library in Monterey, we are looking for you. There will be surveys and we will likely hold a forum. If you feel you can commit to the process for the next year, we would love to have you join the committee working on this. You do not have to have any previous experience with this kind of process, nor do you need a knowledge of libraries beyond that of a patron. Given that we have figured out how to participate in meetings remotely, you don't even need to commit to being here in Monterey all winter, though we hope you will be here much of the year.

If you're at all interested, email a statement of interest to montereylibrary@gmail.com by October 18. To make this work we need participation by members of the community, especially those of you who have not been involved to this point. Thanks for considering joining us, and please be on the lookout for our invitations for public participation if you feel you can't commit to the committee.

—Mark Makuc
Library Director

Council on Aging

Monterey held a very successful flu clinic on September 20 with sixty-seven vaccination recipients. Thanks go to the Community Health Program (CHP) and the Southern Berkshire Public Health Collaborative (SBPHC). SBPHC is the newly-formed public health entity covering many towns in south county through our local board of health. This will be more than replacing our visiting nurse. They will be starting wellness clinics soon, so stay tuned. A second clinic is scheduled for October 25. See page 27.

There were many suggestions from seniors in Monterey through our outreach coordinator grant. One was to have seniors reading to preschoolers—we were excited about this, but until there is an approved vaccine for children, the only way we can do this is outside, and we probably need to wait until spring and the return of warmer weather. It would be wonderful to have senior readers in place when spring rolls around. Anyone who wants to volunteer, please let us know by calling the council on aging phone number at (413) 528-1443, ext 247.

Another suggestion was to start a Parkinson's support group, both for those afflicted and their caregivers. This will be a monthly gathering at the library in two groups meeting separately at the same time. We have experienced facilitators for both groups, and we hope to get started in November. Please call the council (number above) to express interest or to register.

Although we have not been able to plan any trips or outings due to Covid, and now the latest delta variant restrictions, we are going to resume monthly movie nights. They will be held in the library on the second Tuesday of each month, starting October 12, at 7 p.m. Our first selection is *A Little Chaos*, a period film about constructing the gardens in Versailles, starring Kate Winslet. This will be open to vaccinated, masked adults with social distancing in place.

One of our long-standing board members, Ruth Champigny, has decided to retire from the board after seven years. She has been a big asset for a long time and we will miss her energy and smiling face. We have an opening, if anyone is interested.

The council has been working on revising our policies and procedures—sounds dull and boring—but it's a way of encouraging more input and participation. We want to make every resident attaining the magical age of sixty to automatically become a member of the council. Let's make the activities what *you* want to do. Everyone is welcome at our board meetings.

We have revised and revised our job description for our outreach coordinator; we are excited to meet the applicants. We are also looking for help with some of the administrative tasks that have proved difficult in times of Covid, and we need help to increase awareness of and participation in council on aging activities and services.

Ongoing: Remember that our foot nurse Beverly Dunn is making home visits. Call her at (413) 446-2469 to schedule a visit. The council covers $10 of her fee.

Monterey is part of the Great Barrington Council on Aging transportation network; seniors and disabled persons of any age can get round-trip, door-to-door transport in a wheelchair van to Great Barrington for $10 for shopping or medical appointments, $15 to Pittsfield when available. They ask for forty-eight-hour notice. Call (413) 528-1881 to arrange a ride.

Stay safe, everyone!

—Kyle Pierce

Monterey Community Center

We are edging into fall and hoping winter doesn't come too soon. The tent came down the second week of September, but we were still able to meet a bit inside (masked), outside, and of course, on our fairly new alternative, Zoom. This was our ninth talk we held on Zoom. More will be coming this fall and winter.

This month we especially appreciate John Covell, who lives on Blue Hill Road, and is a senior at Monument Mountain High School. He also is becoming an Eagle Scout. He spent hours helping us with cleanup work. Thank you John.

September brought us a folk concert with Tim Van Egmond, who had researched facts and stories about Monterey history, the land, and the people. He chose his works accordingly. The concert was outdoors under the tent and folks were singing along. We also had a delightful young person dancing around joyfully to the music.

The MCC hosted a presentation on September 16 by former Monterey resident Dr. Barry Rose, who gave a talk on his book, *The Cutting Edge of Compassion*. Dr. Rose is a member of the coffee club in Monterey and feels strongly about people being seen in a holistic fashion, and listened to, palpated when needed, and respected. He described the all-too- familiar scenario of going to see a doctor who has allocated you a fifteen-minute appointment and spends the majority of it looking at a computer. This is the current state of health care in the US, which has shifted priorities from healing patients to becoming a business. As a board-certified orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Rose has spent his career treating his patients as people, rather than a collection of symptoms. He advocates an overhaul of the health care system so that patients and health care professionals can work together to facilitate healing by establishing trusting relationships. For those of you who missed Dr. Rose's talk, it has been recorded and will be available on the MCC website. Or you can read his book to explore the topic more fully. The book will be in the Monterey Library soon.

"Mindfulness for Turbulent Times" will hold its first meeting on Friday, October 1.

"Mindfulness" is a monthly compassion-focused gathering. Join Mindfulness meditation facilitator and somatic trauma practitioner, Sandrine Harris, for a monthly gathering in community and connection, exploring themes and gentle meditative practices for the intensity of these times. Sandrine will help us with these questions:

How do we stay present as we move through uncertainty?

How do we return to ourselves, to reconnect with our bodies, minds, and hearts, so that we can participate in community with clarity and compassion?

This series is Fridays, once per month, from 4 to 5 p.m. The November 5 meeting will be held online via Zoom. The link will be emailed after participants register. Donations of $10 to $20 per session are suggested. You can bring cash to any in-person events or use Venmo online. The sessions are open to all adults over eighteen years.

Registration is required via montereycommunitycenter@gmail.com or by calling (413) 528-3600.

Please note that Connie Wilson's chair yoga will be outside the MCC or inside the library during inclement weather starting October at the usual time.

Ping pong is still happening on Saturdays and Wednesdays. Check the calendar online at ccmonterey.org for any updates.

Game Night With Aldeth is the second Friday, October 8, at 5:30 p.m. This is held in person. You do not need to register. All ages are welcome. She has games for the whole family. Questions? Call or email the MCC.

As of publication, Halloween plans are up in the air. Trick or Treat at the MCC will happen if allowed by Covid regulations as interpreted by the board of health. The ccmonterey.org website will have an update that week.

—Laurie Shaw, Mary Makuc, and Nancy Kleban

Shawn Tryon Resigning

Shawn Tryon, hired as director of operations in August 2014, submitted a letter of resignation on September 29, to be effective November 12. He wishes to pursue other opportunities and spend more time with his family. He intends to remain as chief of the Monterey Fire Company.

Director of operations supervises the town highway and transfer station operations, and is responsible for the planning and management of all town properties which include the town hall, library, community center, and town parks.

—Stephen Moore

Community Center Volunteers
Kyle Pierce

Kyle Pierce, summer resident of Monterey throughout her life and former chair of the Monterey Council on Aging, is an active supporter of the community center as well. She was very excited about MCC from the time she knew it was in the works. These days, Kyle organizes twice-weekly card games, the council on aging frequently sponsors events, and holds its meetings at the MCC.

Kyle's family bought their Monterey cabin just before she was born, and she has been spending summers here her whole life. The family lived in Pelham, New York, where Kyle grew up and went to high school.

She lived in New Hampshire for forty years before moving to the Berkshires in 2005. The Monterey cabin is on Lake Buel, and the winds blow through in the winter. Usually in late October, depending on the weather, she and her husband Don go to back to what they call their "real" house not too far away.

In her early years, Kyle worked as a waitress. After her dad was diagnosed with cancer, she started nursing school, specializing in oncology. She worked as an oncology nurse providing home care with intravenous treatments for twenty-three years.

Twice a week at MCC, Kyle co-ordinates bridge games. Her parents played bridge, as did her ex-husband. In New Hampshire she was part of a group that played once a month for forty years.

The Monterey bridge group used to meet in people's homes. They play standard American bridge, duplicate style and scoring, although they often don't keep score. It's a friendly group, and most are intermediate-level players. Kyle texts everyone who's interested, never knowing who's going to be there. Newcomers are welcome, although recently, when the group tried teaching a beginner, they found it interrupted the game. Having an individual teacher could work, as was done at the Mahjong games at MCC. Contact the community center if you'd like to help.

During early Covid, the players used a computer program called Bridge Base Online. It just wasn't the same without the social connections. During the summer, they played outside on computers spaced seven to eight feet apart. Often there are one to four tables set up with four people at each table. When there are five players, one sits out a hand.

Her dreams for more interactions at MCC? Lots of concerts!

Meanwhile, the council on aging is looking at reorganizing its structure. Everyone over sixty would become a member. There are now eighty-two names on the mailing list with permission to send. Other towns coordinate weekly gatherings including lunch. Sandisfield and Egremont order in sandwiches for a $5 donation, but the outreach coordinators this summer found that most of Monterey's older people did not need help with food. Although none reported feeling isolated or vulnerable, many would like more socialization. More outreach coordination will be provided as soon as a part-time person has been hired by the town.

Nancy Kleban

A few little-known facts:

Growing up, Kyle's family was in Monterey April through November, and she went to Corashire School with Mrs. Phillips part of the year for kindergarten through fourth grade. One year, she arrived to find Mrs. Phillips teaching long division! Kyle had never heard of it.

Kyle's grandfather, Dwight Little, had a teacher training school in Flatbush, Brooklyn, in the 1920s through late 1930s. He bought property on Lake Buel in 1916, and after the school closed, he ran the Littlecrest Inn there for twenty years.

Kyle's Monterey volunteer work started with the town monthly potluck, traditionally held October through May. Kyle and Barbara Dahlman took over from Sally Pullen and Diana Downing who had been asking for volunteers in 2008. None were available, and it looked like there would be no more potlucks. Kyle and Barbara lined up speakers and musicians, mostly for an adult group, although in the beginning there were kids coming, too. She is hopeful that when the delta Covid-variant is under control, we can start the potlucks up again.

—Nancy Kleban

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Letters

Thank You for My Rescue

I rented a house in Monterey from mid-August to mid-September to escape the heat of North Carolina. I want to thank some folks whose names I don't know.

My friend and I got lost while hiking behind the Bidwell House Museum. After wandering for two hours, and with a dying phone battery, I called the Monterey Police Department. They reassured me that we would be found, and instructed me to call 911 so they could track our location. Less than an hour later, we heard the calls of our rescuers. I snapped the picture above of the folks who came out to find us. I know there were others who helped, including the 911 dispatcher and the policeman who greeted us at our car.

On behalf of my friend and myself, I want to sincerely thank everyone who helped us that day. They turned a very scary incident into a memory of how kind and generous the people of this small village are to its visitors.

—Susan Criscenzo
North Carolina

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Berkshire Botanical Garden

Harvest Festival

Unfortunately, the Botanical Garden had to cancel this year's Harvest Festival.

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Dave and Beth's Wedding

If you made it to Beth (formerly) Parks and Dave Gilmore's wedding on Friday, September 10, in the firehouse pavilion, then you had a good time along with perhaps 150 others—because Dave and Beth seemed to have had a great time. It was pretty darn informal. Wally Parks, Beth's dad and former postmaster, walked her down the aisle. The couple mounted a riser under the benevolence of purple light sabers. Beth's nephew, Dave Goeway, sporting tie-died outfit, officiated. The couple read their vows, taking turns with their solemn commitments. Rings were exchanged, they kissed, and walked to the back of the pavilion where they kissed again to the rousing approval of the audience.

It was over and done with no time for anyone to get bored.

There was a snack room set up with a bowl of every kind of cracker imaginable, cheeses galore, sliced sausages, grapes and other fruit, and a bar for wine and other drinks. There was a table of cupcakes out in the pavilion unlike any ever seen in Monterey before. (Lots of the leftovers traveled to the Pantry Pickup the next morning, and a flat of cupcakes were available in the library.)

The whole event had an "all hands on deck" feel to it. They both gave off an aura of having just floated through it all. (But Dave did tell me later that the hardest part was sweeping out the whole pavilion the day before, and they faced having to do it again afterwards.)

Stephen Moore

For a great report, read Felix Carroll's write-up in the September 13 *Berkshire Eagle* with his many tongue-in-cheek jokes about our two transfer station attendants. Go to: tiny.cc/Dave-Bethwedding, or search the *Eagle* for "A Love that Can't be Discarded."

—Stephen Moore

Felix Carroll

Felix Carroll

Letters

Wedding Thank You

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore would like to thank all of our transfer station friends and family for making our wedding on September 10, 2021 a day to remember. We were so touched by the outpouring of the true sense of friendship everyone has shown us.

We also want to thank everyone for the wonderful gifts. Most newlyweds get pots and pans, mixers, toasters, and the like, but we received so many thoughtful gifts such as homemade jams and jellies, jars of pickles, travel books, jigsaw puzzles, and even a special rock recovered from Lake Superior.

So again, we thank everyone who made this special day even more special.

—Beth and Dave Gilmore

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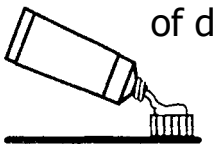

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Letters

Making Democracy Work

To paraphrase Tolstoy, all the people living in Monterey are happy for the same reasons, but unhappy in their unique ways. After having a home in Monterey for seven years, I have a few suggestions for enhancing the "democratic" engagement of residents in the life of the town. Some of these suggestions are based on my somewhat limited experiences as a member (for about nine months) of the Monterey Conservation Commission.

(1) The town should consider minimizing the concept of distinguishing "second homeowners" from "first homeowners." What, in fact, is the distinction? Data is difficult to uncover. Presumably, though perhaps not accurately, first homeowners list their Monterey addresses as their primary home. Or is it that they register to vote here? Or do the property tax invoices go to these addresses? In any case, none of these variables confirms that they spend most or all of their time at these addresses. Are second homeowners then defined as having their tax bills sent to other addresses, or as not registering to vote in this town, or having different primary residences that determine where they pay income taxes (if any)? And certainly, and especially during the Covid era, the so-called second homeowner population spent considerable amounts of time living in and enjoying life in Monterey.

(2) *Every* resident of Monterey should engage with the several means for participation and/or knowledge sharing that are so generously available in town. The *Monterey News* is an informative and enjoyable monthly read (and deserves your contributions). The Monterey-Community Google group is a continuous source of communications among residents with information covering more topics than I could possibly summarize here. And, very importantly, the town administration has made it very easy for anyone to sign up to be on the distribution lists for your choice of committees, commissions, boards, and select board meetings. You will receive notices with agendas of meetings and the minutes of meetings. If you access these sources, your understanding of the community in which you live will be significantly enhanced. You may also be occasionally entertained, angered, confused, and curious about the diverse stories that characterize our town. (To sign up, go to the home page of montereyma.gov, scroll down the left side, and click on "Subscribe to E-alerts.")

(3) The town should consider several actions to enhance participation for more of its residents. Suggestions include:

a. Hold occasional but fairly frequent scheduled select board meetings on Saturdays, which might encourage participation and eliminate the need for the minimally attended "second homeowner" sessions;

b. Move almost all committee/commission scheduled meetings to either Thursday evenings or Saturday mornings to allow for more participation by people who are not in town midweek (which includes first and second homeowners populations);

c. Get a town license for Zoom and other meeting applications, which allow for multiple meetings to take place at the same or overlapping times.

(4) The town may want to consider asking for an exemption from the state when remote meetings are no longer allowed by public bodies as the pandemic crisis passes. An extension was granted by the state to allow remote meetings to continue for a few more months, but the fact is that attendance at these meetings is significantly enhanced for members, participants, and guests when the remote option is available. Going forward, perhaps a hybrid model might work best. Continued use of remote meetings also allows for greater flexibility in how meetings are scheduled.

(5) More people may want to consider switching their voting registrations to Monterey so that they would be eligible to serve on committees or commissions, a basic requirement for most spots. I asked to be appointed to the conservation commission >

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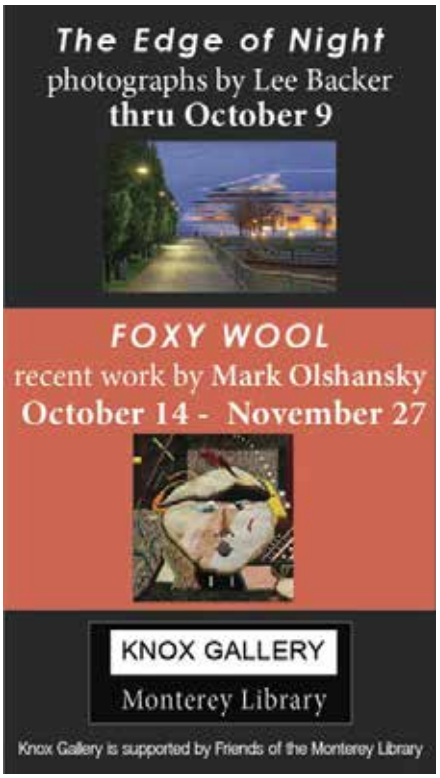
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A Wedding
Aliza and Max

Aliza Sena and Max Ziskin were married on August 21, on a lovely clear day between a spate of rain and Hurricane Henri. The bride's parents, Mark Sena and Linda Saul-Sena, were thrilled to host the wedding at their home in Monterey.

Aliza and Max ended the celebration with a splash as they leapt into the pool, followed by more than a dozen other guests. Aliza's gown is a 1960 Oscar de la Renta couture original which she found in a vintage shop in her hometown, Tampa Florida.

—Linda Saul-Sena

ॐ

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partly because I thought I could contribute something, but also because I was not eligible to serve on other bodies where I might have been a helpful addition. There are many talented people in town, and many would like to participate if "public" roles were available. Some elected roles go unfilled for lack of a sufficient number of interested applicants. Many of us are involved at some level in local philanthropic efforts, which have no residency requirement but are somewhat dependent on the skills and resources of Monterey residents.

(6) The use of emails and social media are notoriously bad ways to discuss, let alone resolve, important issues, many of which are personal as well as substantive. I spent decades as a non-profit CEO trying to learn and adhere to a basic managerial rule: send potentially controversial or critical or unhelpful emails as a draft to yourself, sit on them overnight, and then consider deleting or forwarding. Some issues are important enough to be discussed in public forums.

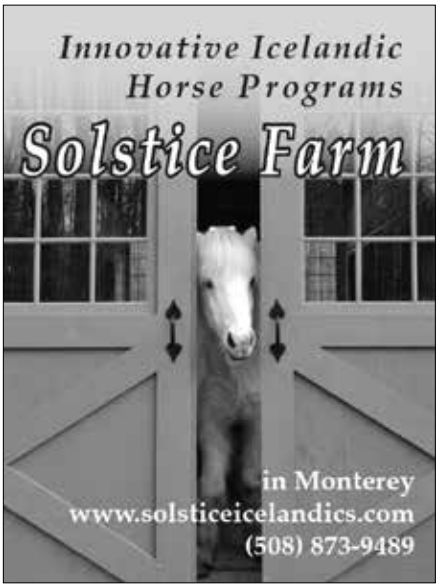
(7) The Massachusetts Open Meeting Law (OML), either from a regulatory or practical perspective, is not meant to limit communication, but rather to correctly frame communications of public interest by official bodies or members of such bodies. People in Monterey need to and do talk to each other on a regular basis, either in social or more formal settings. We must rely on the exercise of personal judgment in adhering to the OML while also learning from each other. My one somewhat lighthearted suggestion to enhance democracy in Monterey is to declare an "OML Safe Zone" at one or two tables at the Roadside Café when it reopens for in-house service, or to temporarily assign for now one of the outdoor picnic benches as an interim zone. Sharing coffee or pancakes among neighbors may enable reasonable people to resolve difficult issues.

—Michael Zisser
195 Main Road

Cultural Council Applications

Applications due October 15
mass-culture.org
See instructions below

To apply, go to mass-culture.org, click on "LCC members," then "Applicants." You can begin the process by entering "Monterey" in the yellow "Cultural Council" box. A wealth of information is available. Under the "Funding List" tab you will find a list of grants awarded for this year.



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Lelters

Monterey Loses its Way

My first impression of Monterey held up well for years.

One Sunday evening in 2001, I found myself stranded in front of the general store, trying to lure my cat out from under the porch. The thunderous approach of the tow truck had so terrified her that she tore right through her soft carrier and dove out of reach.

A patient police officer popped by every half-hour or so to check on my progress and gave me a lift back to the Tyringham cottage I was renting. His name, Officer Mayberry, seemed utterly appropriate to the situation. For those too young to remember, the Andy Griffith Show took place in the fictional Mayberry, a small town that seemed to run on trust, good intentions, and the expectations of amicable solutions (which reliably came at the end of each episode).

The sense that Monterey was a kind of Mayberry was re-enforced reading a police blotter in this paper, in which the most serious crime I came across was a theft at the self-serve farm stand. I appreciated how this community seemed to effortlessly take care of itself. I paid my relatively low taxes (only fifteen towns in the state are more lightly taxed) and enjoyed well-maintained roads, parks, a charming library, and (pre-pandemic), many opportunities for edification, enjoyment, or socialization.

A few years on, after getting more engaged in town life, I noticed some ripples beneath the surface. But with a few exceptions, it still seemed like town government cruised along smoothly. Not so much now.

The same virus that has infected the body politic at the national level seems to have established itself here in charming Monterey. As I wrote this, I learned that Gavin Newsome had handily prevailed in his recall election. Although happy about the outcome, I was incensed at the colossal waste of time, energy, and attention. The whole process cost something like half a billion dollars—all that money to unseat a popular governor who is up for re-election next year, at a time when his attention was needed for running a state with a budget bigger than most countries, in the midst of the worst wildfire season in history, a pandemic, and many more routine challenges.

Here in Monterey, we now have bureaucratic nitpicking charges, ethics violations, and complaints galore. “It’s never been this bad,” I’ve heard more than one person say. I’ve heard the select board meetings described as a “mosh pit of discord” and a “sticky tarpit.” Town employees complain of being frustrated and demoralized by the toxic atmosphere created by a few obstructionists.

I was annoyed that town residents were faced with the daunting task of considering twenty articles on the warrant on a frigid June Saturday at a special continuation of the regular town meeting (the longest in memory). At that meeting, it was encouraging how seriously the seventy-five voters considered and debated the issues, before the crowd thinned to the extent that the meeting was adjourned, and most of the articles were tabled. I figure something like two hundred hours were spent by local citizens who surely had other things to do. Some of the articles were worth discussion and debate, but the slew of them all at once, with little preliminary discourse, seemed counterproductive, possibly by design.

The dysfunction in Monterey is perhaps epitomized by a $300,000 lawsuit filed at the end of April this year by one select board member against the other two board members and the wife of one, along with a consultant who had donated his time to analyzing town hall’s functioning. Oddly, it also named the select board itself and the Town of Monterey as defendants.

Although the suit has evaporated, the sour whiff from allegations of bribery, corruption, and libel taints the air. In response, an ethics complaint has been filed against the plaintiff, John Weingold, and he has been cautioned against filing frivolous complaints. That didn’t stop him from putting forth an agenda item on “discussion concerning possible removal of Chair of Select Board” for the September 22 meeting. However, it was received too late to be included for that date.

One reason for this column is a question posed by the *Monterey News* last month about how to cover a situation like this. Should the paper be a country journal focusing on our local environment and personal essays, or should it be taking on harder news about town governance and the issues that face a town run by mostly volunteers and amateurs, struggling to deal with federal and state mandates, budget constraints, roads and bridges, and a lengthy list of agenda items for select board meetings (twenty at last count)?

I don’t like to impugn the motives of others, but it certainly seems like a few people in town are trying to gum up the works. In a town of this size, it is difficult

enough to recruit people to the boards and committees that keep the town running, without them having to fear lawsuits, harassment, and ethics complaints. Many of those volunteers wear multiple civic hats. Few have a lot of training and expertise in municipal governance but are trying to do the best they can to help out.

Some good may have come from all the recent squabbling. Officials are now more cognizant of the particulars of the MA Open Meeting Law (which were helpfully outlined in the last issue of this paper). Minutes of the various boards are being posted more regularly. Perhaps more people are paying attention to town governance (although many others may be tuning out). But a lot of business is getting delayed or derailed, and people are justly concerned about taking on civic responsibilities, which is one of the reasons we have the select board we do now—in 2020 John Weingold ran unopposed.

I have no idea what his motivations are, and he did not respond to an email in which I queried him. But his feeling injured to the tune of $300,000 over the promotion of a reliable and, by all accounts I have heard, competent and dedicated employee, seems way over the top.

Much has been made about antiquated by-laws on the town books. Yes, they should probably be rescinded. Both articles that passed in June—consideration of a town charter and formation of a by-law review committee—aim to deal with this. And yes, the spirit of transparency behind the Open Meeting Law is very important. But minor and inadvertent transgressions can be rectified without formal complaints to the attorney general. We have more pressing and forward-looking issues to deal with. And to paraphrase from the New Testament, laws are made for the people, not people for the laws.

A well-functioning town requires civic participation—and civility. A lot of problems, as others have pointed out in this paper, can be resolved with a conversation. Or even a letter to the editor. And an intention to work things out to the greater good.

—Janet Jensen

Editor's Note: The News *lost its last town reporter several years ago, and has been unsuccessful despite, many efforts, to recruit a reporter. The job used to require attending select board meetings in town hall, but now with meetings online, it would only require tuning into the meeting and taking notes. The select board publishes minutes of its meetings, but these are not the same as actual reporting. If you are interested in helping with this, to the benefit of the whole community, please contact the* News *by emailing MontereyNews9@gmail.com.*

Wendy Jensen

The Monterey Community Center committee recently refreshed the sign on Main Road with a new paint job, and lettering done by Larkin Signs in Great Barrington. The lettering was chosen to look just like the hand-painted lettering Joe Baker did years ago.

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Remembrance
Roy H. Carwile

Roy Hudson Carwile, age 75, passed away on September 24, 2021, at Berkshire Medical Center in Pittsfield, MA, after waging a ferocious and heroic battle against cancer.

Roy was born on January 16, 1946 in Monmouth, IL, the son of Ralph Hudson Carwile and Ruth (Hamilton) Carwile. He grew up working with his father and uncle at the Carwile Paint Store on the square in Monmouth.

Roy graduated from Monmouth High School and received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from the Ohio State University. He was the consummate scientist and had a long career working for ALCOA in Phoenix, Pittsburgh, and São Paolo, Brazil. Roy started as a field geologist looking for copper and later joined ALCOA's burgeoning environmental team. By his career's end, he was managing air quality worldwide.

Roy loved being out in the woods, on the water, up in the sky, and on the prairie. He knew the names of all the constellations, trees, plants, and birds. Roy had a gift for languages and was fluent in Spanish and Portuguese. During his international travels, he would teach himself to say, "I do not understand a single word I'm saying" in the language of each country, and then would fearlessly engage in conversation.

Roy was a gifted musician, a private pilot, an avid fisherman and tennis player, and a bridge player whose intuitive bidding would sometimes horrify his partners! He was deeply involved in community life in Monterey, serving as a long-time member of the Monterey Fire Company, on the board of health, and as a volunteer at Gould Farm.

Roy was in his second term on the board of health. During the past eighteen months he was widely appreciated for updating the town on all Covid-19 state guidance. He also volunteered his time helping with arranging vaccination appointments during the vaccine roll-out this past spring.

Roy is survived by his wife, Mary Gail Biebel, and his beloved children James Hudson Carwile (Adrienne), Heather

McLean Brandon (River), Erin Sunshine McKain (Kurt), and Kathleen Melissa Biebel (Michael). He leaves behind ten grandchildren, his sister Robin Wagner (Eric), and many nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his parents and his sister Rita Bergren (Vern).

Per Roy's wishes, no funeral services will be held. He will be laid to rest in Sugar Tree Grove Cemetery, Monmouth, IL, back home on his beloved prairie. Please think of Roy when you look up at the stars in the clear night sky.

The family thanks the staff at Berkshire Medical Center, especially the nurses in the Oncology and Critical Care units, for their compassionate and tender care. Contributions in Roy's name can be made to the Monterey Fire Company.

—Mary Gail Biebel

Letters
Gratitude for Roy Carwile

I read with great sadness in the *Berkshire Edge* of the death of Roy Carwile. I never met Roy but was very grateful for the time, advice, and attention he gave to our community as our community's Public Health Liaison—all the information and encouragement he shared these past months about Covid and the many updates on vaccination sites and other news that was so helpful. Just wanted to acknowledge his contribution to our "lockdown lives."

Looking back at some of his emails, I remembered the quotes in his emails that he signed off with—these always made me smile no matter how often I read them. My condolences to his family and a thank you to Roy who selflessly exemplified the very best in " public service."

In Roy's memory:

"Time flies like an arrow, Fruit flies like a banana."—Groucho Marx

None of us is as smart as all of us.

—Erica Stern

Getting the Monterey News

Pick up in several locations in town.
(See the list at the top of page 1.)

Have it mailed free of charge.

Receive it via email.

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Contact the *News* at MontereyNews9@gmail.com.

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October at the Knox Gallery

We hope that all of you will visit the library and the gallery before October 9, the last day for *The Edge of Night, photographs by Lee Backer*, which opened in August. Backer's photographs capture urban and small-town settings as unexpected images that Backer refers to as "landscapes, both natural and developed."

The artist grew up in rural northwest New Jersey. As a young boy he scouted woods, fields, and streams, where certain settings compelled him to repeatedly visit. When he moved to New York City to pursue a technology career, he similarly surveyed the urban environment. He grew to find this "developed landscape" as compelling as the pastoral landscapes of his youth.

We hope you will take a look. We're sure you will enjoy the beautiful color and texture that Backer reveals in these obscure and diverse settings.

On October 14, innovative needlework will be unveiled when *Foxy Wool*, recent work by Mark Olshansky, opens at the Knox Gallery. Olshansky is a Knox Gallery alumnus as co-exhibitor with Geoffrey Young and Peggy Reeves in the three-person show *Off the Grid* in 2016.

Needlepoint is created by stitches worked across a small grid ground cloth, so perhaps it follows that this artist's works are geometric, with odd angles and complex shapes. Since his last Knox Gallery appearance his work has become more complex in color combination, texture, and stitch. He uses small accents of color over broad fields, and blends yarns within an area as a painter would mix colors on a palette.

The artist lives in Great Barrington and is an unstoppable worker. At ninety, he spends his afternoons stitching and listening to his beloved classical music. Although fiber-based mediums are slow in the making, they also usually allow the artist to take out progress that isn't to his liking, thereby creating opportunities for moving closer to perfection during the process of making each work. Then again, for Olshansky, there's always the next piece.

Foxy Wool will be on view through November 27.

Mark Olshansky, at ninety, is still stitching everyday.

We hope to organize a group community show for December, so please think about, and prepare, anything you might submit. Look for more information in the November *Monterey News*.

All Knox Gallery events are admission free. Exhibits can be viewed during library hours (see back page of this issue). Please visit the library website for current Covid restrictions, such as admission scheduling. Knox Gallery, Monterey Library, 452 Main Road, Monterey, MA, 528-3795; MontereyMassLibrary.org/Knox-Gallery; Facebook.com/KnoxGallery.

—MaryPaul Yates

"Curtain From the Seraglio," Mark Olshansky

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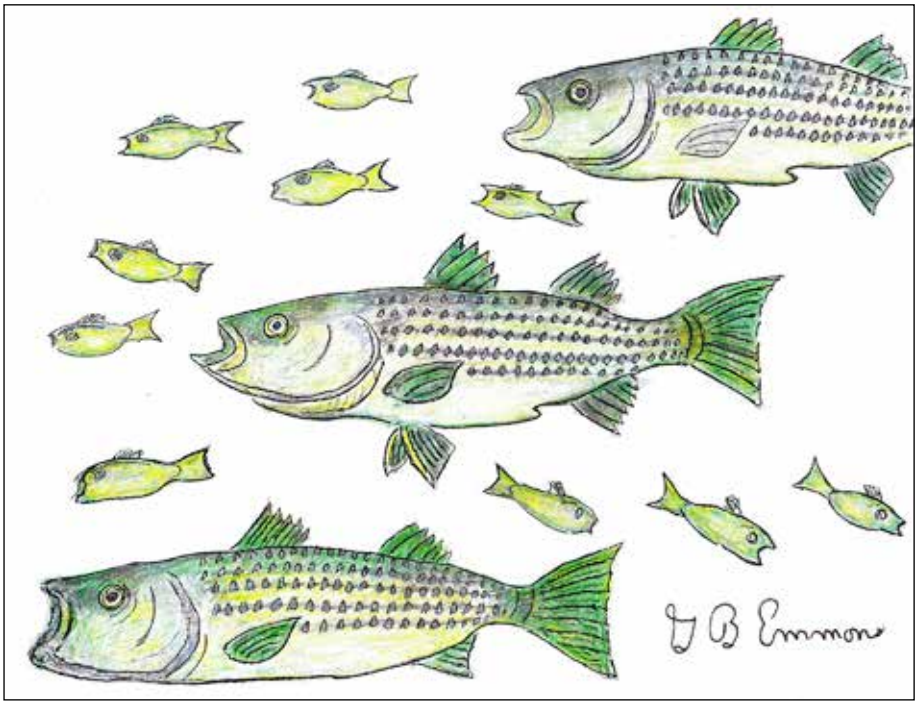
Striped Bass Migration
Global Warming Impacts



As October days become shorter, and the nights much colder, the striped bass, preferring water temperatures between 55° to 68°, will be well on their migration south to be more comfortable. A month ago they entered the mouth of the Cape Cod Canal out of Cape Ann waters into Buzzards Bay. To be able to pass into the funnel-shaped opening, they had to school up into flow-like formations. Swimming with the current, they might have appeared like grains of sand through an hour glass to start their long journey from one season into another. When they came out the other end they greeted the headlands of the deciduous coastline where leafy banners of the autumn seaside reflect on the water over their underwater passage by my house.

Looking out from our back patio, as the rising tide of an autumn afternoon floods the shore line inlets, the surface of the water sometimes comes alive with the thrashing bait fish of mature Atlantic menhaden and peanut bunker (as the juvenile menhaden are called) jumping out to get away from the stripers chasing them in all directions. The spectacle also attracts energetic flocks overhead of diving gulls and terns to scoop them up when the bait fish clear the water with a furious frenzy. This over-the-water spectacle can also signal to fishermen likely places to cast with a spinning rod and artificial lure, and catch a hungry striper. They can keep just one fish per day between 28" to 35" in length. This strict size limit was put into law in 1970, and since that time has helped to vastly raise the striper population. The commercial catch is based on a quota system and so stays relatively constant. But sport fishing has seen a tremendous increase in stripers. It is estimated that only 9% of legal-size stripers caught by sport fishing are kept.

The waters warming in Buzzards Bay from global warming, has moved the lobster population steadily northward, to the benefit of the Maine and Canadian markets. At the Berkshire Fish Hatchery, when the late John Doelman was president a decade ago, we became aware of climate change affecting migrating fish when we won a partnership award from the Connecticut Salmon Restoration program. We began imprinting the hatchlings with the amino acids of our local rivers. Then when the salmon passed the mouth of the river, they would recognize it as their natal-river and enter it to spawn. However, a short while later, as the rivers became too warm, the salmon moved north to the Penobscot River in Maine. It would not surprise me to learn that striped bass were soon moving from the Hudson River as their migration destination to the Merrimack River in New Hampshire.

Just as a reactive homing instinct is vital for successful migration of the striped bass, it is also important for us to identify what is causing warming under the water as it is above along the Atlantic flyway. For future generations of sport fishers, and for commercial fishing industry planning, we should be able to recognize where and when global warming has this dramatic effect for our awareness to respond.

—George Emmons

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Poems by Don Barkin

What We Look at Hard

At dawn the street looked like a barren shore
the tide had tugged the sea from like a sheet.
An elm stood watch beside a painted door,
yet neither saw the horror of the street.

I'd heard this whisper since I knew my name
and wondered whether everybody knew,
and if a child would be held to blame
for blurting out, "Then nothing's truly true!"

Though now it didn't bother me a bit
a wooden look was all the word I'd get
(yet plenty to upend my native wit).
Plus who was there to tell? And what? And yet.

Incident in Early Fall

Blondes in heels totter out
on the lawn done up as beams
of afternoon September sun.

While three thin birches at the back
hiss insults with their t'sking leaves
(such flouncy frocks are wrong for fall.)

Still, leggy beams that cross lawn
bring tingling beneath the green,
even if their time is short.

Thus a clutch of classy crones
talk trash to no, or weak, effect
on blondes who cross the lawn in fall.

An Old Brick Shed

But what's inside? A slug of fust,
a wooden crate alight with dust,
a handsaw rotten-toothed with rust,
and an owl-eye of sun gazing
through a pane of cloudy glazing.

A monument to neglect,
its roof is gray and guano-specked,
though with no holes we can detect.
But dust-motes streaming down the sun --
the tears in every thing begun.

Road Rage

She'd flung her cigarette
out the window as she tore
past me in her car
with her pedal to the floor,

where it glowed an instant more
although the road was wet
like a fallen star
that hasn't burned up yet.

I guessed a broken heart,
and though she made no sign
her fury made me feel
the fault must be mine.

Hearts that I once broke
shone coldly overhead.
Their light had just arrived
from stars I'd thought long dead.

And now I had to ask
if from across the years
someone had hurled her claim
for loving in arrears.

Don Barkin has published several books of poetry including *That Dark Lake*, *Houses*, *The Caretakers*, and has been published in numerous journals.

Don and Maggie live part time in Monterey and New Haven, CT.

Indigenous Peoples' Day
Community Observation

Four events to highlight community, education, ceremony, and integration.

Drumming, traditional Native American songs, speeches, and a procession culminating in a ceremonial blessing of the Housatonic River, will mark the local observance of Indigenous Peoples' Day in Great Barrington on Monday, October 11.

October 11 will be the centerpiece of the four-event program organized by Alliance for a Viable Future, a local grass-roots organization. The aim is to acknowledge and heal the wounds of our past, honor the Native American ethic of respect and care for the natural world, and integrate indigenous values into our response to climate change, according to Lev Natan, organizer and founding director of the Alliance.

"The commemoration is inspired, in part, by Randy Weinstein and Gwendolyn VanSant of the W.E.B. Du Bois Legacy Committee, who, in 2019, asked the Town of Great Barrington to join a growing movement of towns, cities, and states around the country who are recognizing the second Monday of October as Indigenous Peoples' Day," said Natan.

The program's kickoff, on September 23, "Building-Community: Equinox Campfire & Potluck," took place at the April Hill Education and Conservation Center and Greenagers headquarters in South Egremont.

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Friday, October 1: The second event, "Listening Deeply: Indigenous Voices Panel Discussion," aims to educate our community in preparation for Indigenous Peoples' Day. It is scheduled from 6 to 8 p.m., at the Unitarian Universalist Meeting of South Berkshire in Housatonic, in person and on Zoom. Shawn Stevens, Jake Singer, Bonney Hartley, all from the Mohican Cultural Affairs Office, and Carol Dana, a Penobscot Language Master, have been invited to speak on the panel.

Monday, October 11: The centerpiece event will begin at the gazebo behind the Great Barrington Town Hall at 11 a.m., with Aaron Athey, the master of ceremonies for powwows in the Berkshires, playing his drum and singing traditional songs.

Several speakers will discuss the significance of the day, including:

• Shawn Stevens, tribal member of the Stockbridge-Munsee Band of the Mohican nation, who has established links with our community and shared his ceremonial knowledge for many years;

• Jake Singer, Navajo medicine man, activist for Native American veterans, and Sundance chief, who participated in the local event last year;

• Dennis Powell, President of the NAACP-Berkshire County Branch, who will speak about the value of solidarity among all peoples.

From the gazebo, the gathering will proceed down Main Street to the River Walk via Dresser Avenue. The gathering will continue to the Memorial Park baseball field, where a ceremonial blessing for the Housatonic River will also honor the ongoing legacy of the people who were displaced by the colonists.

Sunday, October 17: The final event, "Moving Forward Together: Integration & Next Steps Workshop," will take place from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m., also at the Unitarian Universalist meeting house in Housatonic.

"The purpose of this entire program, is to establish a deep connection with the indigenous history of our place. By acknowledging this part of our past, we are able to bring healing to our community in the present, and move forward into the future with greater trust and unity," says Natan. >

Bidwell House Museum

Fall in the Berkshires—what a beautiful time to be in Monterey and to visit the Bidwell House Museum. Colorful foliage, cooler temperatures, and fewer bugs makes for a very pleasant hike on the museum grounds, which are open daily free of charge. In a normal year, October was the month when the Bidwell House Museum wound down the season, with few programs and an end to tours. But, for 2021 and this new pandemic "normal," we are taking a different approach.

This summer we brought back guided tours of the house, by appointment only, and it has been a delight to show people the beautiful eighteenth-century manse. The enthusiasm of our visitors and their appreciation for the Bidwell story has been so rewarding after being closed in 2020, so this year we are going to keep giving guided tours until the weather tells us to stop (i.e. the parking lot is covered in snow). We will be cutting back the numbers of days for tours and, while we did not have a final schedule at the time of publication, if you are interested in seeing the house in October or November, just call the museum to see when appointments are available at (413) 528-6888.

We are also planning two in-person events in October that should be a lot of fun. First, on Saturday and Sunday, October 9 and 10, we are hosting a program with local author Robert Oakes called "Scary Stories Around the Fire." Oakes will share readings on Berkshire colonial-era history and ghostlore, and tell the tale of "The Ghost of Green River." Following the outdoor fireside presentation, Robert will lead a short candlelit ghost walk through the house. This program will happen from 7 to 9 p.m. on Saturday, and 4 to 6 p.m. on Sunday. There will be some scary elements, so we advise that the program is appropriate for ages twelve and up. Part of this event is outdoors, so please dress for the weather. Cider and donuts will be available after the outdoor part of the program.

Robert Oakes is a writer, teacher, singer/songwriter, and since 2010 has led the ghost tours at The Mount in Lenox. In 2020 he released his book *Ghosts of the Berkshires*. To attend this event you must purchase a ticket on the museum website, bidwellhousemuseum.org, under "Events."

Then, on Saturday afternoon, October 23, we will be hosting our rescheduled Maker Day event. We had hoped to hold this program in July but it had to be cancelled due to the weather. We have a number of wonderful artisans planned for this program, including some Indigenous makers, and we hope to have some music as well. This event will be free to the public and a wonderful way to celebrate the 2021 season. Check out the events page of the museum website for the all of the details, including the confirmed list of artisans.

Finally, we just want to say thank you to everyone who contributed their time and talents to our "Raid on Township No. 1" living history weekend last month. We had so much fun and could not have done it without the help of: Rob Hoogs, Diane Austin and Aaron Nurick, Delight and Paul Dodyk, Greg Gimblette, Steve Gilbert, Linnea and Peter Grealish, Richard Greene, Sam Herrup, Joan Hobart, Jane and Charlie Johnson, Grace Makuc, Justin Makuc, Nadia Makuc, Jane and Marty Schwartz, Kathryn Roberts, Tom Ryan, Roger Tryon, Thomas Tringale, Sandra Spector, and many more. Community is important now more than ever and the Bidwell House Museum is so grateful to the support that the Monterey community gives us. We could not do what we do without you.

—Heather Kowalski
Executive Director

True to its name, the Alliance for a Viable Future is building local support and participation by working with the Berkshire Food Coop, Mahaiwe Theatre, Sacred Oak Homes, Big Elm Brewery, NAACP-Berkshire County Branch, and grants from the Massachusetts Cultural Council, through five local councils (Great Barrington, Monterey, New Marlborough, Stockbridge and West Stockbridge), and the Christopher Reynolds Foundation. New sponsors and partnerships are being sought to make this an annual program with coordinated events in communities throughout the Northeast bioregion.

These events are family friendly and open to all. For planning purposes, event coordinators are asking people to register for each event separately. But no one will be turned away. You can register for any of the four events here: allianceforaviablefuture.org, then click on "Registration."

For more information, or to request interviews with key participants, kindly contact Lev Natan, at lev@allianceforaviablefuture.org.

—Janet Jensen

Pokeweed in the Garden, Sturdy and Purple

Pokeweed is thriving in our vegetable garden this year, as are a few other things not chosen by us, not part of the plan. That is to say, not part of *our* plan. We make lists, dream about the tomatoes of yesteryear. We dream of the dry corn and winter squash of past years, too. We hope these dreams will come true, though there was a bear in the corn last year, and there were a few squash vine borers.

This year we got no corn and no winter squash. We did not have a plan for the return of the educated bear, night after night. Same with the borers. We also had no plan for the buckets of rain and what this might mean for the tomato crop. I won't complain. We have plenty of potatoes and carrots for storage, also a freezer full of broccoli and cauliflower, plus Brussels sprouts galore still on the hoof out there. We did get so many cherry tomatoes that we put hundreds of them in canning jars. A tomato is a tomato after all, but we thought we'd get lots of the big ones and we did not.

We did get uninvited pokeweed in the garden, for the first time. There are three big plants up there, and I worked around them as I tended the many seedlings that had been part of the plan. Some straight-thinking gardeners would have said to those pokeweeds," Out you go! This place is for plants on the list, only. You have the whole wild world out there, but you can't stay here."

Pokeweed is a North American native. It pops up in the spring as strong green shoots, a bit pale right by the ground, with furled leaves ready to spread out and catch the sun. Some folks know about gathering these early wild shoots and call them "poke sallet" or "polk salad." The Algonquin name is *puccon* or *pocan* or *pakon* and this may be where the word "poke" comes from.

They grow well on our south-facing slope near the house, where the goats used to take the sun in the morning. Pokeweed is one thing goats do not eat, and it turns out we should not eat it either, except when its shoots are young, not more than about eight inches high. Some say that once the stems start to show some purple or red, they should not be eaten. Everyone says do not eat the gorgeous purple berries. The writers of books on edible wild plants put many a caveat in the section on pokeweed. To make matters even trickier, there is an altogether different plant, false hellebore, that in some places is called "Indian poke."

Euell Gibbons, who wrote *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* and other books for foragers, was asked the difference between pokeweed and Indian poke. To this he replied, "I feel a bit like the man who was asked to write a treatise on how to tell a crow from a crocus." It is true, Indian poke and pokeweed have similar names but they look quite different. Gibbons went on to say, "Anyone whose eyes are so poorly trained as to be unable to distinguish between such vastly different plants should not be allowed to gather vegetables from the vegetable garden or even to go shopping, let alone gather food from the wild."

One of my older books, *Edible Plants of Eastern North America*, Fernald and Kinsey, 1943, gives instructions on how to prepare pokeweed for eating, also how to identify it. At the time of that writing, pokeweed had "in some parts of the country, become a popular vegetable so thoroughly familiar as to find ready sale in city markets." It was so popular

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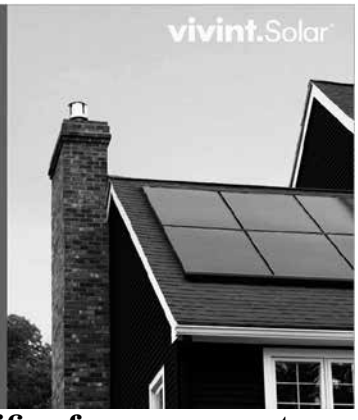

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in earlier times that "peoples of southern Europe long ago imported the plant from America and have cultivated it as a garden vegetable, while in our own southern cities and in Philadelphia or in Chester County, Pennsylvania, the shoots are regularly displayed in the spring market."

The remarkable pokeweed, which can be eight to ten feet tall, dies all the way back in the cold weather and then grows up again in the spring from its big root, described by Gibbons as being "as big around as your thigh and as long as your leg." We don't know whose thigh and leg, but we get the picture. And we learn from Fernald and Kinsey that if we dig up some of these roots after the first frost has killed the plant above, we can have a "winter vegetable" as the roots "supply a phenomenally continuous crop of sprouts." You can use a medium sized root, three to four inches across, and chop it off to five or six inches long and plant it in a "deep box of earth in a dark cellar." Twenty of these will supply a family of six for three months with a weekly mess of "asparagus," these authors say.

The young shoots do look like asparagus and are similar to eat, I think. Full disclosure: in my family, I am the one who likes them the most. Or even at all. But I like them very much!

After the frost has come, I will dig up the pokeweed growing in the otherwise empty corn and winter squash patches. I will see how my personal lower limbs compare in size with those roots, and put the poke in a box of dirt in the cellar to see what happens. For science, as we say around here, also for supper, and for going "off-plan."

—Bonner McAllester

Little League 1956-57

Players (left to right): Skip Bachetti, Skip Amidon, Johnny Bachman, Elmer Johnson, Wayne Perry, Rocky Stevens, Jimmy Hall, Claude Lancome, Bob Hisko, George Palmer, Jerry Bull, Scott Phelps, Irvin Miliulus. Coaches: Harold Greene, Ray Hover, Dean Amidon.

Notes from Skip Amidon (Skip is second from the left): Ray Hover was a businessman who bought the team's first uniforms (in this picture). Skip (Alan) Bachetti is Harold Greene's grandson. Dad (Dean) and Harold Greene coached from when the team started playing all the way through Jay, the youngest of the four Amidon brothers. This picture was probably taken in 1956 or 1957. Monterey was so different then. Our brother, Phillip, would take off on his bike and hang our with the Monterey road crew for the day, wherever they were working. Lanny Lanoue and I would take off for the day fishing in the stream below his house and maybe the Konkapot. I worked at Brookbend Inn at fourteen and fifteen years old, washing dishes, then for Dick Tryon at sixteen delivering milk to the camps and folks who lived in the area.

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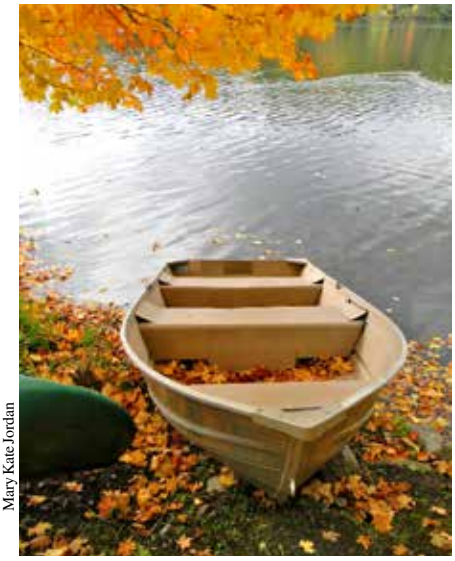
Here's a Thought...

When this photo from an earlier October resurfaced last month, it brought warm memories that made me smile: good times with good friends. Then it reminded me that Buddhist lore makes several references to boats.

One is "the boat that takes us to the other shore." That's not a rowboat, a ferry, a paddle steamer, or even a hydrofoil. It's not a physical boat at all. It's made of four noble truths and eight noble paths which, if woven together into the structure of a life, provide a vessel strong and stable enough to carry that person safely from the shore of suffering to the shore of liberation.

Other references to that same boat agree that it's invaluable as a vehicle for getting across the water. Once one's feet are on the other shore, though, the boat has achieved its intended purpose. Then it's wise to leave the boat behind. The boat would be a burden if the next phase of the pilgrimage involved, say, a trek up Mount Greylock or a hike along Route 23 through south Berkshire County.

I haven't always lived here; I grew up in western New York, near the Niagara River and Niagara Falls. I can still see in my mind's eye a front page above-the-fold newspaper photo published when I was, more or less, twelve years old. It showed a boy about my age named Roger. He was wearing swim trunks. He also had a then-standard orange canvas-covered life jacket buckled and strapped to his body. That was a really good thing because, as the headline above his photo screamed, he'd just survived being catapulted over the brink of Niagara Falls.



Mary Kate Jordan

This boat, empty of everything but a few golden fallen leaves, reminds me of some Eastern wisdom that I cherish.

The motor of the boat he, his sister, and uncle, had been in had conked out on the river. Without power, the boat had been swept into the rocky rapids where the seven miles-per-hour current picked up and began to race toward the more than 150-foot vertical drop at the Falls.

Tourists and other spectators at the Falls that day watched in horror as the drama played out in real time. One of them managed to toss a rope and haul the boy's sister to shore. The boy and his uncle were still in the craft when it tipped over the brink. Their uncle died but the boy, physically light and seated at the back of the boat, was flung forward and out, like a stone from a slingshot. He landed far enough out in the lower river to miss falling straight down onto the tons of boulders and other debris the base of the Falls themselves. The crew on a tourist boat called "The Maid of the Mist" fished him out of the water.

Later, when I'd become a young adult flung out of what I'd thought was a solid life with a future I could trust, I remembered Roger's story again. Somehow, and I call that somehow as grace, I realized that the life I could no longer depend on, much as I still wanted to cling to it, was something I had to just let go.

Roger had survived the Falls. Whether he adjusted to his new life or not, the orange life vest was no longer the help he needed to stay afloat even though it had helped save him that day. He must have had to take it off. Maybe I could do the same. Without having language to express it, I began to realize that the life that I'd cherished was like Roger's life vest: something I wore, not who I am.

Roger's story became a strong plank in the boat I'm paddling to that other shore, but there's a traditional Buddhist boat-story that's touched me just as deeply. Here's my twenty-first century version:

Once upon a time, a few thousand years ago, on a continent rather far away, an ambitious, restless young man with high ideals decided how he'd like to spend the rest of his life. He was going to be a monk. Not only that, he was going to be a good monk, the best monk there ever was. >

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Glenn Heller

Monterey Softball

In August the Monterey softball group vanquished a team from Lakeville, CT that came to play us at home. The final score was 17-6. The game ball was given to Ryan Rosebrock (above left) who usually plays with us but not in this more "competitive game."

On Labor Day we had our normal "pick up" game—a great game that came down to the final batter. There was a full turnout of twenty-four players (above right). The visitors, down at 7-5, came back in the top of the ninth scoring three runs to make it 8-7. The home team had two runners on with two outs in the bottom of the ninth but was unable to score.

In September we played a group from Copake, NY at their field to complete the "tri-state" tournament. That game ended after eleven innings in a 4-4 tie, and featured three generations of the Vallianos family including Kalee who pinch-ran for the older knees in the family. More games were played in September, and will continue on Sunday mornings into October as weather permits. —Ira Transport

---

Accepted as a novice in a monastery in another country, he said farewell to his family and everyone he knew and made his way into his new life. The discipline was hard, the nights were cold, the sutras to memorize were long and repetitive. He relished it all. What he found difficult to swallow was that no one seemed to recognize what a good monk he knew he was becoming. No one singled him out for praise. No one saw how clearly he understood the precepts, how hard he worked with no complaint, even in the kitchen.

He began to sulk, to withdraw behind his eyes, to criticize and complain. The bitterness he felt and the anger that fueled it began to seep into the community. Other novices, even monks with years of practice tied into their robes, reacted with anger in his presence.

Both the novice master and the head abbot recognized the strong and beautiful core of this difficult young man, as well as the driven sense of self that tripped him at every turn. They also recognized that his behavior was also a mirror of the challenges they and the other monks carried within themselves. He might even be a benefit to everyone in the long run. The abbot and the novice master each attempted to correct the young man's understanding and soften his heart but their ministrations went unheeded.

The other monastics began to take sides when arguments flared. Voices were raised during times of silence. Agitation seeped into the communal tea as it was being prepared and poured. Finally the abbot decided it would be best for all if he released the young man from the vows he'd taken and sent him from the monastery.

The abbot called the novice into his office.

"How will I live?" the novice blurted when he heard he was to leave that very day.

"You will have to find work," the abbot replied.

The young man, no longer a novice, slept on the street that night. The next morning he met a merchant who owned several barges that brought passengers and goods up and down the nearby river. The merchant saw that the young man looked strong enough to pole a barge. The merchant offered to take the failed novice on as an apprentice bargeman.

The monastic life had strengthened his body so that he was good at poling and

(cont. on page 21)

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Here's a Thought, cont. from page 21

quickly learned to control a barge even in heavy currents. After a few years, even the merchant acknowledged him as the best bargeman on the river. The merchant released him from apprenticeship and gave him the barge on which he'd learned the ways of the river as his own.

The recognition didn't soften him any more than the attempts of the abbot and novice master had. Now he began to earn enough money to buy saki, which magnified his resentments, fueled his anger, and loosened his tongue. He lashed out at any and all who offended him.

One evening, as he allowed the current to guide him back home at the end of a long day, he reached a spot in the river that was busy with traffic. He navigated skillfully through the congestion and congratulated himself on getting through the rough spot. As he began to settle back into a more relaxed rhythm, a barge crashed into his from behind. The impact nearly threw him into the water but he righted himself and regained control of his craft. Then, cursing and shaking his fist, he turned to confront the offender. But the barge that had struck his was empty. There was no one there.

The bargeman stood in stunned silence: no one to blame, nowhere to go, no place to vent his pent-up rage. In that moment, he recognized his anger as his own. It was something he carried with him and fought to protect, as others did for a dear child, not dependent on anyone else's action or lack of attention.

He recognized how his arrogance and lack of understanding had contributed to—no, caused—his expulsion from the monastery. He understood, too, that the abbot's exile had brought him to this moment on the river. It had been a cause of his present enlightenment.

The next morning he left the river and walked back to the monastery. He asked the doorkeeper if he might speak with the abbot. The door creaked open and the doorkeeper led him to the abbot's cell. All the former novice felt was a mixture of gratitude, respect, and regret. He stepped into the abbot's office, bowed, and the abbot bowed back. The novice-turned-bargeman burst into tears.

The two shared silence and a little conversation for several hours. When the gong sounded for the day's meal, the abbot invited the bargeman to eat with the community.

"I would be grateful for the opportunity," the bargeman replied. By the end of the day, the abbot asked if he would like to return to the monastery.

"If you'll have me, I'd be grateful to return. I'm a changed man," he replied.

"I understand why you say you're a changed man," the abbot said quietly. "But the man I see now is the man you always were, buried under who you thought you needed to be. Welcome back."

Decades later, when the once-bargeman had been novice master for several years, the old abbot lay on his bed, aware that he was soon to transition out of his familiar form. In those last hours he called for the novice master so they could share a farewell and a blessing.

"When I told you to leave so many years ago, you went to the river," the abbot said. "You learned so much there. Now that I'm stepping into the river myself, I need to know what the river taught you."

In the time that remained to them, the bargeman apprenticed the abbot in the ways of the river until, with an audible, peaceful, breath, and a deafening moment of silence, the abbot transitioned safely to the other side. The body that had been his for so long became empty.

Empty, too, are the fixed identities we nail down for ourselves. We're really the flow of the river. The young man becomes the novice. The novice becomes the bargeman. The empty boat is golden with enlightenment. The teacher becomes the student, the student becomes the teacher, and the river rolls on.

—Mary Kate Jordan

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Wildlife Report for September
Bears, Butterflies, and Such

Near the end of August, Ellen Coburn saw a bear in the field near their pond. She said it seemed to be eating grass and she took its picture. Bears like to eat greens, including grass.

Stacy Wallach took good photographs (right) of a young bear casing the house: coming up to the front door, then standing up to examine a bird feeder, and finally heading around to the back door, still looking for something worthwhile.

In mid-September, Chuck Pierce and John Farrell had a young bear visitor one rainy day. This one came onto the porch to examine the grill, unafraid (right). The next day this bear came for a return visit but was warned off by the dog barking from indoors, and left in a hurry.

Our bear reporter on Chestnut Hill sent a fine photograph (far right) of the familiar mama bear, with her white chevron, looking well fed for the winter to come. She is probably pregnant.

In the butterfly department there have been several sightings around town and some life-form changes, too. Suzanne Sawyer narrowly missed seeing the moment of adult emergence at her place, but she saw a caterpillar that had changed to its hanging "j-form" and later saw a chrysalis there. This turned black and the next time she looked Suzanne saw that it was clear and empty. The critter had flown.

Ed Salsitz sent a picture of an adult monarch on a black-eyed Susan, also on an autumn surprise (a type of flower). (See page 2). Ellen Coburn took a photograph of an adult on some pale lavender asters at her place (far right), and we had one emerge here, after having climbed up a bean pole in the garden, for its pupation place (bottom right).

In the orchard on New Marlborough Road, Steve Moore had some concern for his peach crop, also the corn. But the peaches were safe with their barrel protectors around the tree trunks, and for some reason the deer left the corn alone as did the delinquent bear some of us heard about that had broken into Steve's neighbor's place not so long ago. This story included the bear's having taken

Cont. on page 24

Suzanne Sawyer found this monarch caterpillar (above), and later caught three states of a chrysalis (below).

Wildlife, cont. from page 23

the door right off the refrigerator to get at what was inside.

A porcupine visited Steve Moore's yard and ate grass in an oval pattern. Some porcupine also went up an oak tree and nipped off many branches, the better to climb down to the ground and enjoy the acorns that came down too. There was a raccoon on the scene one evening, emerging from some thimbleberry bushes and then running off again. Raccoons are famous corn lovers, but this one was satisfied with other things, it seems.

One smaller nibbler on the place was a handsome grasshopper on a black Hopi sunflower head (right). This visitor held still long enough for a good portrait photograph.

Thanks to Steve Snyder at Gould Farm, I heard of a newly hatched passel of snapping turtles that climbed up out of a hole in the lawn. They were carefully collected in a bucket, had their picture taken (right) and were then released in a safe place, free of cars and cats, Steve writes.

Right at the end of August, Bonsai Cox found a glorious puffball, not yet ready to puff out its dust-like spores (below). We had a major mycological summer, full of mushrooms. Many people like to eat the young puffballs, like the one in the picture, slicing and frying them up with butter. It looks like a slug had tried this one unadorned, taking a small bite for a summer picnic.

Monarchs Sudi and Cora, near Buzzards' Bay, MA, in migration from Monterey.

I found a couple of fall flowers down in Great Barrington behind the Friends Meeting house. These are two kinds of gentians, both purple: fringed gentians and bottle gentians. They have always been family favorites for us.

Thank you all for your news of the season, of the wild world around us.

— Bonner McAllester, 413-528-9385, bonnermca@gmail.com.

Editor's Note: Apologies to the many *other photos sent in of bears and monarchs for which there just wasn't enough room.*

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Falling Leaves
Pondering from my Back Porch

In my youth autumn was the time for me to indulge in leaf catching. It is not a sanctioned sport, but it does require uncommon ability. You position yourself under a tree, look up, and wait for a detached leaf that's earthbound in free fall. The idea, of course, is to catch it before it lands. Rarely does the leaf head straight down. No, the slightest breeze sends it into an erratic flight path that defies tracking. Just as you think you've figured out its trajectory, it alters course and eludes your grasp. After a while, frustration sets in. My catch rate back then rarely exceeded 20%.

These days, I'm content just sitting on my back porch and watching the leaves come down. But I do have questions. Do trees compete in leaf dropping? Is the goal to shed all leaves faster than those nearby? Do leaves look forward to letting go, or do they take pride in hanging on as long as possible? What about those trees that retain at least some their leaves through the winter? Do they regard themselves as special?

Do the trees worry about where the leaves will land? If, in the forest, they will be undisturbed for months, even years. If on lawns, they'll soon be gathered up, bagged, and disposed of in any number of ways. Even burned! If on roads, they are likely to be crushed in short order.

Finally, are trees aware that the entire process will begin again in the spring? Do they consider that a burden or a blessing?

—Richard Skolnik

Bonsai Cox

A glorious coleus—at least in color!

Monterey's New Frieghtliner M-2 Trucks

At last year's special town meeting the town voted to purchase two heavy, single-axle, four-yard dump trucks to replace the Oshkosh truck that had become too expensive to keep on the road, and which wasn't suitable for the range of operations necessary.

These new trucks are equipped to handle a wide range of operations including heavy plowing with a wing plow, computerized sander, and road temperature sensor. The all-seasons body will require no changing over for the seasons. Melissa Noe, town administrator, wrote received a grant for three remote weather stations to monitor road conditions for more efficient operation.

—Stephen Moore

Last Flight on 9/11

I don't fly often, but I remember the time I was in a plane, a puddle jumper from Martha's Vineyard over to New Bedford, MA, take-off time 9 a.m., September 11, 2001. I was the only passenger—there was no backup pilot that day. The two of us were coasting along over the sleeping salt ponds of the Cape—mirroring the sun on this quintessential fall day, mild, almost windless, touching 70° or so outside—when the pilot turned to me and shouted over the buzz of the engine that she'd heard over the headset that all flights across the United States had just been grounded.

When I'd boarded a few minutes earlier, she'd rather curtly informed me that a plane had just flown into one of the World Trade Center towers, as if that should bear some great weight of meaning. I thought, OK, so…?—oblivious to any greater significance, like so many other people that day, I'm sure. There didn't seem to be anything to panic about, and I imagined a lone Cessna with a middle-aged CEO riding the last twitches of his heart attack into the tallest thing around. When she told me a few minutes later that another plane had hit the second tower, it still didn't make much of an impression, and so out of politeness, I asked, "Why do you suppose *that* happened?" meanwhile preoccupied by the way the water graded from indigo to aqua as we flew over the shoreline. I was thinking what a stupendous day it would have been to be out there sailing, or just drifting.

The pilot answered without needing to think about it, barking out a single word—"Terrorism!"—as if she'd known all along that something like this would happen, finally and fatefully vindicated in the paranoia she'd been carrying around for God knows how long.

I began to flirt with the idea that the world is divided into two types—the prepared, and the unprepared—though even then I could see what a zealot's argument that could end up being.

And as we flew, it sank in that I should at least be grateful that I'd even gotten up there that morning. On the other hand, given the piecemeal information I'd gotten, I still had no idea how to put it all together, though the fact that all the planes in the US were grounded seemed, at the very least, a bit foreboding.

When she offloaded me in New Bedford, the pilot, receiving all her secret information through the gray, official headphones, confirmed to me again, with that same military assuredness, that all planes in the US had now been summarily grounded.

My friend Dan was there to meet me. He'd paid my way over and we were slated to examine a possible boat refit project in Portsmouth that morning. Standing in the mostly empty airport with a knot of silent people clutching paper coffee cups, we stared at a TV hanging off the lobby wall, watching black smoke spewing out of airplane-shaped holes in both towers. The plumes rose straight up into the perfect blue September sky in columns that certainly did not auger well, an image that was only a few minutes old at the time, but was eventually to become one of the all-time iconic pictures of the world that, as yet, had not become "post 9/11," with all the cultural, military, and political baggage that that entails.

The contrast between sky and smoke, the clarity of the air, the absolutely stunning quality of the day, and the unmistakable awfulness of what was happening made all the elements seem a little contradictory and hard to process. There seemed to be great serenity in the burning buildings. In footage taken on uptown cross streets, people walked by on their errands as if nothing untoward were happening a hundred blocks to the south. I could tell I wasn't the only one who just wasn't getting it.

I spent most of that day assessing damage done to a huge, poorly-built yacht when it was run aground by the sister of the well-heeled owner, a developer from Martinique. I managed to get back to Martha's Vineyard via one of the Steamship Authority ferries leaving out of Woods Hole, and by late afternoon I was finally back in front of the tube, awed by the indelible image of both towers collapsing, over and over again. I was especially transfixed by the thick clouds of apocalyptic-looking dust rolling down the concrete canyons, chasing tiny animated figures in business suits and high heels into doorways before finally blotting out the light, and the camera's lens.

It was hard to imagine anyone coming out of those clouds alive.

Today I remember 9/11 as the day that television as we know it actually quit for a few hours.

Programs were deleted without notice, sober commentary was continuous on all channels, and for the first, and maybe last time in the history of the most powerful and propagandist media force in the world, the incessant, undignified, and abrasive clatter —that entire, incalculable weight and noise of commerce—was temporarily silenced.

For a little while, even big business took a back seat to the macabre images of men and women launching out of windows hundreds of feet off the ground. The entire world watched. There were only a handful of people at that time who had any idea where the harm had come from, what it meant, or how it would all ultimately unfold—and most of them were already dead.

—Dave Irland

Editor's Note: This memoir was received on the day the September issue went to print. Readers may recognize Dave's name as he was our town reporter for a while.

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Batting practice at 10
Games begin at 10:30

At left: Julie Johnston, on Cronk Road, in her annual welcoming of fall, put up a festive strawman for passersby to smile at.

Town Contact Information

Emergency! 911
Administrative Assistant:
528-1443 x111
admin@montereyma.gov
(for town boards and misc. questions)
Assessor: 528-1443 x115
assessors@montereyma.gov
Building Department: 528-1443 x118 buildingsafety@montereyma.gov
Community Center: 528-3600
calendar@ccmonterey.org
Fire Department (non-emergency): 528-3136
chief@montereyma.org
Highway Department: 528-1734
dpw1@montereyma.gov
Library: 528-3795
montereylibrary@gmail.com
Police Department (non-emergency)**:** 528-3211, Alt./Emergency 528-3211
mpdchief@montereyma.gov
Post Office: 528-4670
SBRSD (Schools): (413)-229-8778
Tax Collector: 528-1443 x117
montereytax@yahoo.com
(for questions about your tax bill)
Town Clerk: 528-1443 x113
clerk@montereyma.gov
Town website: Montereyma.gov, under each department, for office hours.

Calendar

MCC- Monterey Community Center
Sundays: Monterey softball begins again. Batting practice at 10, games begin at 10:30 as weather permits.
Tuesdays:
Chair yoga with Connie Wilson, 10 a.m., MCC.
Bridge and cards, 1 p.m. MCC.
Wednesdays: Ping pong, 3 p.m., MCC.
Saturdays: Ping pong, 2 p.m., MCC.
Friday, October 1:
Mindfulness for Turbulent Times, 5:30 p.m., Zoom, MCC program. See page 4.
"Listening Deeply: Indigenous Voices," 6 to 8 p.m., Unitarian Universalist Meeting, Housatonic. See page 16.
Friday, October 8: Game night with Aldeth, 5:30 p.m., MCC. See page 4.
Monday, October 11: Indigenous Peoples' Day with speakers and a walk to the river. See page 16.
Tuesday, October 12: Movie night, showing *A Little Chaos*, with Kate Winslet, at 7 p.m., in the library. See page 3.
Saturday, October 16: Household hazardous waste pickup, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., Great Barrington recycling center. Must preregister. See page 17.
Sunday, October 17: "Moving Forward Together," final event for Indigenous Peoples' community observation. See page 16.
Monday, October 25: Vaccination clinic. See notice at right.

Monterey News

The *Monterey News* is an independent nonprofit corporation dedicated to fostering communication in the Monterey community. We invite signed letters, articles, drawings, poetry, and photographs. Submissions may be sent via email to montereynews9@gmail.com or to PO Box 9, Monterey, MA, 01245. For advertising rates or other information, contact the Editor at (413)528-4007 or email.

Flu and Covid Vaccinations
October 25

On Monday, October 25, from 10 a.m. to noon, there will be a vaccination clinic at the firehouse pavilion. Both high and regular dose flu vaccine will be available.

For Covid vaccinations there will be:

- 1st or 2nd dose J&J, Moderna, or Pfizer
- 3rd dose Moderna or Pfizer for immunocompromised
- Pfizer booster only for folks vaccinated at least six months prior.
- Pfizer booster eligibility: Anyone 65 or older, or those 18 to 64 if at increased risk for severe symptoms or high exposure from work or group residence.

Bring your insurance card, Covid-19 vaccine card, and wear a mask.

Sponsored by Community Health Program, Monterey Council on Aging, and Southern Berkshire Public Health Collaborative

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Beginning July 2021

Monday.....7–9 p.m.
Tuesday.....9 a.m.–1 p.m.
Wednesday.....9 a.m.–1 p.m.
.....& 1:30–5 p.m.
Thursday.....9 a.m.–1 p.m.
.....& 4–8 p.m.
Friday..... 4–8 p.m.
Saturday.....9 a.m.–1 p.m.
..... & 7–9 p.m.

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Contributions from local artists this month:
George Emmons, p. 14; Bonner McAllester, p. 18.

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